

Deerpeople "Canada"

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I'll take the sweet escape and
You know that time's a race around
To catch us on the other side
Where can disaster go when
I know we're pigeon-holed
Pigeon-holed from anything that we had

And tell me the truth:
Are you simply retarded?
Are you dead?
Is it quite alright?
Tell me my father that
We can't be anything else but this in your good time

But we still know that we can never talk about it
And we have sweet florence if you wanna think out loud
And why can I still think of you every time I look at her
But I swear to God, I'll never go to Canada

I'll find you in the road and
I'll slit your fucking throat, you whore
And we'll never have to meet again
Where can disaster go when I know we're pigeon-holed
Pigeon-holed from anything that we had

And tell me my master that we're so excited to be here
And tell me my father that we can't be anything,
Anything if you know you're right

But we still know that we can never,
And we have sweet florence if you wanna,
And why can I still think of you every time I,
But I swear to God, I'll never go to Canada

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